



PROMETHEUS

*He gave man speech, And speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe.*

Volume V—Issue 5

GREENFIELD COMMUNITY COLLEGE

March 1967

College Mourns Taylor Student Runs for Office

On Feb. 11, Dr. Walter Taylor, first president of Greenfield Community College, died quietly in his sleep at his home on St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands.

A 1925 graduate of Harvard, he also studied at Yale, Boston University and the University of Chicago.

During his nine years of military service in the capacity of an education officer, he established the Army University Center at Zurich, Switzerland and in both Europe and the Far East. He taught for some years in Zurich and at Keio University in Tokyo, Japan.

On Jan. 15, 1962, he was named the executive director of the newly established Greenfield Community College. He had been instrumental in bringing about the very existence of GCC, having served as state director of the Massachusetts Regional Board of Community Colleges for some time.

Taylor strongly believed in the concept of a community college and in its educational opportunities and was closely associated with the growth of junior colleges in New England.

He was a member of the joint committee on Nursing Education of the American Association of Junior Colleges and of the National League for Nursing. He had also served on the American Association of Junior Colleges' Commission on Instruction and was active on its Commission on Legislation.

Taylor also served on the Membership Committee of the New

England Junior College Council and was chairman of the Committee on Cooperation with Colleges of the Mass. Congress of Parents and Teachers after editing for 6 years the "Mass. Parent Teacher," the official magazine of the congress.

When he took over the president's position at GCC in 1962, he brought with him six years of experience as Director of Newton Junior College and two years of successful experience as executive director of the board responsible for the establishment of GCC.

His kind of vitality and strength was necessary to get the young college off the ground. He is remembered by those students who attended GCC in its first two years as the cohesive force behind the institution, a man of organization.

In September of 1964, he accepted the position as Director of Continuing Education at the College of the Virgin Islands.

He leaves his widow, the former Nancy Cooley of the Virgin Islands; two sons, Nathan and Mark, both living on the mainland.

Funeral services were held in St. Thomas followed by burial in Charlottesville, Va.

Memorial services were held at GCC Feb. 14. James Lawlor, one of those students who attended GCC in those early years and former alumni association president, presented a tribute to his memory in behalf of his classmates.

A memorial fund has also been established at GCC in his memory.

Dr. Lewis O. Taylor, current president of GCC who succeeded Taylor in 1964, said, "We have lost a close friend and education has lost a dedicated and courageous worker."

Ethier Paintings Now on Display

Currently on display in the auditorium are the paintings of Bernard Ethier, Jr., of Greenfield. Mr. Ethier is an instructor in the Greenfield High School Art Department. He began painting at the age of twelve and has now received a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from the Massachusetts College of Art, and holds a Master of Arts Degree from Assumption College.

Mr. Ethier's work, done in the medium of oils, creates a crisp, vivacious, gayly colored design quick to catch the eye of its onlookers. Trying to puzzle out its ultimate meaning, many students find that his patiently detailed work is often difficult to understand and may take a good deal of study. The abstraction of the paintings depicts invisible forces, phenomena, and ideas from the imaginative mind of the artist himself. Many of his paintings seem to invite touch, for they appear as though their feel would be as exciting as their looks.

Modern art is something of a mystery and marvel to its audience for its composition gives a full, moving expression to the artist's insights.

Let no one ever say that Greenfield Community College has forgotten its namesake, the community of Greenfield. At least one student has not forfeited his inheritance, but seeks instead to increase it.

John Bergeron, known as "Jack" to all his friends, has become a candidate for town meeting member in the March 6 elections. He will be representing Precinct 6.

Born and educated in Greenfield, he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Bergeron of 42 Abbott St. and is a first year student at GCC. At the age of 21, he has already exemplified his eagerness to serve the community and his interest in government.

Jack has long been associated with Civil Defense on a local as well as a state-wide level, putting into practical use his hobby as a ham radio operator and participated in many simulated nuclear attacks prior to entering the service.

His stint in the Army gave him experience outside of Greenfield, experience which will be valuable to him in serving the community. Being a college student, his courses have kept him especially

aware of current events. His travels have given him the ability to evaluate situations clearly and to relate small town problems to other locales and even to those of the world.

For five years now, counting military service as a leave of absence, he has been a member of the town fire department. He plans to use his special interest in fire prevention and investigation to educate others, especially children, in fire prevention safety.

He is also a member of the Greenfield Athletic Association.

Here at GCC he is a representative on the student council, serving as a liaison between the student newspaper and the council.

When asked why he became interested in running for this specific office, he replied that it was because he believed in "home rule," where the townspeople control policies at town meetings.

Since it is no longer possible for all people to attend, representatives are elected to guard their interests. "And my own, too," said Bergeron.

"Someday I'll be a property owner and I'll have to pay taxes. I'd like a say in my future now."



JOHN BERGERON

He doesn't wish to stagnate in the kind of man who reads in the newspaper about what has happened, and when it is too late, holler "WHY?" and then not do anything anyway.

Can a college student handle this responsibility of representing the people's interest?

Another GCC student, Gerry Quadrino, who graduated last year, did.

Anyway, it depends on the individual—and John Bergeron is the kind of individual that can handle the job.

PLAY CAST ANNOUNCED

The college's second theatrical production has now, with the announcing of the cast, begun the task of producing a dramatic presentation. Under the direction of Daniel Viamonte, the students will perform the **Spoon River Anthology** by Edgar Lee Masters. This production will be distinguished by the appearance of several faculty members in cameo roles. However, there are still a few parts open; these roles call for older men and women.

The cast, listed in alphabetical order, consists of: Bill Bartos, Dawn Bardwell, Mark Coffey, Lauren Corbet, Ben Drabek, George Draper, John Foley, Charles Green, Dolores Greil, Tom Gutowski, Les Harris, Susan Hutchinson, Linda Larange, George Malewski, Brian Marsh, Nancy McAvoy, David Miner, Dr. Jacob Padgug, Maryanne Palin, Richard Thayer, Dan Viamonte.

Help is also needed on the various committees that work behind the scenes but nevertheless are basic and integral parts of the whole production.

Artist's Reception

for
John Gnatek

March 7

11 p. m.

in

Auditorium

"Something Is Rotten"

Irene Lively

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark." Pretend that G.C.C. is Denmark—stretch your vegetative imaginations.

Tuesday, February 14 (Happy Valentines Day) Assistant Minister Ray Williams met with interested students in the auditorium at 11:30. The immediate purpose of the meeting was to spell out basic problems concerning G.C.C. The long run purpose is to try to alleviate these problems.

O.K. Here are the "problems" with G.C.C. as listed at the meeting.

1. Not enough to do.
2. Student lack of initiative and response. (O.K. I'll accept that.)
3. Too much relationship with high school.
4. Lack of communication between faculty and students and students and students. We don't see President Turner.
5. Nurses are isolated.
6. Not residential—students commute.
7. Work.

Now I ask you—are these problems with the school or problems with you who complain?

"Not enough to do." What you mean is that no one will come up to you, take you by the nose and lead you to the action. So you sit there and vegetate and complain. But instead of complaining about the school, you should be saying, "Somebody entertain me!" And I'm going to say to you, "Sorry Buddy, you lose! That action went out with the nursery school."

"Too much relationship with

the high school." Who are you trying to kid! G.C.C. (the faculty and system) is not like a high school; the characters who complain are like high school students. If you want everything structured — "Come on boys and girls, we the teachers have planned a party for you. Have fun!"—you should be back in high school.

"Lack of communication between faculty and students and students and students. We don't see President Turner. Yes, that's right, there is a lack of communication, with the faculty because you don't bother to go to their offices or meet them at lunch in the cafeteria. There's a lack of communication between the students because only a fraction of you bother to look at the bulletin boards or your mailboxes. And again, no one's going to take you by the nose and lead you to the action. And I'm sure President Turner wouldn't bite your head off if you wanted to talk to him.

"Nurses are isolated." Really? I understand their classes are in the Annex, across the parking lot, not in East Oshkosh. Its not as though they were quarantined with the plague.

"Not residential—the students commute." That's right, the students on a whole do commute to and from school every day. But if the students want to commute across the border to some action in New York, they commute. And if they want to commute to Vermont for some action on the slopes, they commute. O.K.?

"Work." 'Tis a pity! Some of the most active students in

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Franklin County Trust Co.

an invitation to
Greenfield Community
College Students

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EDITORIALS

Conclusions of Flocinaucities

As of late, I've heard a rumbling from the inwards of the cafeteria. It seems there is a small and relatively harmless faction complaining about the college's policy of restricting class cutting. With a twinge of fear, I approached this rowdy group so that our readers may gain insights into the labyrinth of the leftist underground. As I crouched in an unobstrusive corner, I began taking notes. There were three speakers who took turns mesmerizing their audience. After I felt I understood the gist of what was said, I retreated to the snack bar to condense the 'crollyx' propaganda into a less pretentious philosophy.

The first speaker, whose code name was "the Mad Monk" believed in some sort of right to decide whether or not he attended classes. He concluded didactically that "This right cannot be sacrificed."

His friend, "The Bear," appealed to social conscience. He bellowed and blathered that restricted cuts were a manifestation of misused power. He stated that "Those in power are contemptuous of those they supposedly serve." The words "Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely" and "I'll be damned if I'll be manipulated" reverberated through the halls. He rashly added that a professor who plays dictator may be more concerned with his power than with his profession." When a class is cut, the authoritarian professor, collapsing under his paranoia, eliminates cuts rather than examine his methodology.

The last speaker, called "The Prince," was a flaming disciple of Machiavelli. He countered with "the masses can't grapple with the freedom of self-discipline so the only choice is to manipulate them." He also ranted and raved about the hypocrisy of the United States for advertising that man is capable of freedom but treating him as a subversive when he woes his freedom.

Well, before these upstarts fooled too many students, I decided to write an editorial on the question. Leafing through

the back issues of *Prometheus*, I discovered that these trite vilifications arose nearly two years ago and were reviewed in an article by Norman Hall. Tradition holds the answers to many of today's problems, so I figured what was good then is good now.

The article read: "Congratulations to the faculty for bringing discipline to the college by banning the cutting of class. s. Though few institutions of higher learning in the United States have this policy, we should be proud that our college is one of the few. Unfortunately, I think that the ruling is not pervasive enough, though it is certainly on the right track."

The right track according to this article included suggestions for a school uniform, "inspection of the student's general hygienic state, and the nicest suggestion was that "faculty members take turns telephoning students each morning to make sure they were out of bed, greeting them with a friendly 'good morning'."

That makes me tingle with joy. Imagine one big happy family. But its been two years since these suggestions were made and although we don't want to rush into things, we are paying tuition and it seems as if this service should have been initiated. I hope that the powers that be have not been offended, but I feel that we should get our money's worth.

Perhaps if this service is not initiated, it will become a necessity to move into action. The first step could be that the students could escort their professors from class to class making certain that they don't stumble.

Fill 'er Up

Do you have a suggestion that would be of benefit to your school? If so, why not jot it down on a piece of paper? Then drop the piece of paper in one of two suggestion boxes located conveniently near the offices of Dr. Padgug and Mr. Keir.

Too many times a student is reluctant to express his opinion. No student should be afraid of voicing his ideas concerning a particular matter. There are also those students who constantly complain about something in their school. Such students never do a thing to correct or to improve the situation.

Therefore, for those students who are afraid to voice their opinions and for those who constantly complain about things, now is their chance to further the development of their school.

So, if any student has a suggestion concerning the social activities, library, a particular subject or any suggestion that would be of benefit to the school, please drop your suggestion in one of two boxes located in the school. Only you can make your school better for all.

Cut Rate

Cultural Events Passes are available at half-price (\$2.00 for students, \$4.00 for non-students) at the Student Personnel Office.

The passes will provide admission to three concerts, one college dramatic presentation and six movies, all still to be presented during the spring semester. Spend \$2.00; save money; buy a C.E.P.

Appraisal Reappraised

Some months back, I took the effort to read the now much criticized Warren Report. At that time, my endeavor was somewhat biased; that is, I read with a conviction that what I read was a product of honest and accurate evaluation on the part of the Warren Commissioners. Now, my confident attitude towards this body and its conclusions is rather shaky and on the verge of complete collapse. The only solidifying pressure seems to be a profound desire that the Commission's conclusions are representative of the truth, trying not to anticipate the possibility that a high echelon governmental body can be guilty of wholesale fraud. If the latter's existence is proven by subsequent investigations, imagine the effect of citizenry distrust towards the Government that will certainly prevail. However, this mere hope for integrity is not sufficient cause to warrant an irrevocable acceptance of falsehood. In fact, the very quest for truth dictates our criticizing the Commission until a completely acceptable solution is reached, be it by the Government itself or by a team of private investigators.

What altered my previous position was a wealth of inconsistent evidence brought to the surface after the publication of the Report. This evidence, which was carefully eliminated from the body of the Report, gives nagging suggestion that there was at least one other assassin besides the alleged Lee Harvey Oswald. The following is a summary of some of the more pertinent pieces of evidence.

The FBI published three reports, dated November 26, December 9, and January 13, which state unequivocally that the autopsy indicated the first bullet did not go through the President, but instead permeated his flesh a matter of a few inches and subsequently fell out. (This would explain the presence of the bullet on the stretcher.) In addition, the back wound, as claimed by the FBI, was approximately six inches below the President's shoulders and not at the base of his neck as claimed by the Commission. Supporting this FBI testimony are the testimony of the Secret Service men who attended the autopsy and the photographs of the President's suitcoat and shirt. The photographs show the bullet holes precisely located where the FBI and the Secret Service men claim the back wound was. A bullet entering this low obviously could not exit through the throat. Thus, there are grounds to believe that his neckwound was caused by a bullet coming from the front.

In addition, the autopsy sketches agree with the lower placement of the wound. However, the autopsy surgeon claimed that he incorrectly placed the wound symbol through negligence. He also very conveniently destroyed his original notes, a very strange behavior indeed, considering the magnitude of importance that this autopsy had. Theorists assert that these original notes contained the true version of the background and were later changed to parallel the Commission's fabrication of the assassination.

Another interesting finding is the one of Vincent Salandria, a Philadelphia lawyer. By superimposing several frames of the Zapruder film, he found that the President's head moved back and to his left when struck by the fatal bullet. This seems to be in

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Thus Spake Halitosis

by Paul Allen

Being the parable of the **Amorphous Automaton**, written by Halitosis after having been **Forcibly Inebriated** by the wine of **American College Test** served to the **Entire Freshman Class** by the **Bartender, Administration**.

There once was a business executive who was rich, powerful, and a great man among men. Now this man of worldly riches had founded a company that did nothing but manufacture computers, and in such respects he was very successful. In fact so successful was he that he spent a great deal of his time surrounded by his yes-men, no-men, and perhaps-men, writing "how to" books on everything from **Making Money to Enjoy Your Ulcers For Fun and Profit, While Avoiding Probate, Through The Power of Positive Thinking**. But success, unfortunately, is like a trick mirror at a sideshow which twists every image it catches, and so the poor executive went berserk. And so one day it came to pass that he ran amok through his great plant, smashing his computers with an axe, shouting: "Long live the memory of

Carry Nation!" After some trouble, the plant security guards managed to subdue the wretched soul and bring him before the company analyst.

Making himself quite comfortable the analyst began, speaking thusly: "Now just what is your problem?"

"Well," replied the stricken tycoon, "It seems that I don't like people, they're just so human."

"How so?" grumbled the glue-eyed Gestaltist.

"People have a propensity for turning everything into a game, nothing is sacred except passing 'Go' and collecting two-hundred dollars. If I ask one of my aides a question, he will inevitably reply with, 'sir? Not I sir! Perhaps Mr. Smith sir?' Well, then ask Mr. Smith, but Smith won't stop the game, he may lose his turn or heaven forbid, go directly to Jail. It's truly unfortunate but once you start the game you can't stop it."

At this point the bumbling bug-eyed behaviorist interrupted, having divined from these few particulars the game-players pro-

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Letters to the Editor

On Santa Syndrome

I will not beware of the Santa Syndrome!

The writer of the "Santa Syndrome" in the last issue of *Prometheus* stated in a different way something that the whole world already knows. That is, evils exist beneath a phoney surface. He suggested that we might look at an empty Greenfield and be left alone with its empty silence such as the poor old man in rags. Then he suggested that we strip ourselves of the dream of "Santa Claus."

"But Santa Claus is dead, children, and that story about every good little child, etc.—well, that's a lie! Did that hurt? Good."

How right he is when he tells of the meaninglessness of such things as the Toy for Joy Fund and the two girls writing the boys in Viet Nam. The G.C.C. students haven't been full of any kind of hope for the new year. You, who wrote the article—what have you done to make life happier for someone? Each of us must ask this of himself. The "Santa Syndrome" author has merely done his best to spread pessimism. Most people realize that evil does not have to be sought. It's always there ready to take roots in pessimistic people. I don't need anyone to tell me there's no Santa Claus. (I use Santa to represent hopes and dreams). Reality has to be faced, of course, but it is much too easy to face it with a pessimistic attitude. One can face reality with hopes and dreams and see through evils. To be pessimistic is to be a tool of all that is evil. "So," you say, "If I'm a happy-go-lucky idiot that kicks evil in the shins, then the whole world will be great." No, this is a fallacy, but you can make life a whole lot easier on yourself and those around you just by seeking out something in this life that is good. Go ahead and dream. We're not the prisoners of fate, personal effort counts for a great deal. It's difficult for me to explain because living a fruitful and valued life goes much deeper than just being happy.

Ponder this. While walking alone on a deserted stretch of road late one moonless, starless night, I hated

the world because of my own misfortune. The night was black and I was enveloped in it. But upon taking a good look at the sky, I saw that it was only various shades of dark pigment. Maybe there is something beyond the night.

Poet's Corner

The Face of a Friend
by Nancy MacIvov

A face,
Different somehow
Eyes,
Bright and expressive,
A smile
Warm and true
Radiance,
Out of the blue
Wrinkled,
Result of many smiles,
Tanned,
Days in the sun,
Mouth,
Words of trust to lend,
This is
The face of a friend.

Calypso & Odysseus

This craft-sore hero lectures to his gods,
Violating every senseful rule
Of being, who once wived and fathered, Odysseus,
Whom neither kingdom will receive, vestibule
Of whispered sorcery, has devotion
Cried its name above the sea or lost its way
Among the sirens of that howling ocean?
Penelope sits weaving up her day,
Telemachus outnumbered by a foe,
Undaunted the challenge of a boy.
And while your obligations pray, Calypso
Kisses them into sleep, rise, scourge of Troy!
Hounds bay before a ruined, sparse estate,
"Defend your charge or else it is too late,
Ten suitors rest to woo on every stair,
In rage demanding soon a wedding pair."

Richard Charles Thayer



House of Walsh

Amherst

Massachusetts

Outfitters

to

College Men

and Women

FACULTY SPEAKS

by William Sweeney, English Department

One of the advantages of teaching literature is that I remain a student of literature. And studying literature gives me a comforting perspective by means of which I can smugly assign many contemporary events to their proper place in the history of men and ideas.

For instance, as I write this, I am aware that I must shortly make much of seventeenth century science and the role it played in shaping the way you and I think about the world we live in. And I must duly note the role of Francis Bacon as the popularizer of the notion that knowledge—any kind of knowledge—is a good thing. Before Bacon, men of the Christian era were concerned only with knowledge that was relevant—relevant, that is, to that final accord with the supernatural which was the purpose of life. But from Bacon on, the numbers of those who considered knowledge important for its own sake multiplied rapidly. Science and philosophy effectively parted company. Science and religion became at least mutually irrelevant. And many of our twentieth century complaints can be traced to the seventeenth century split between knowledge and morality.

It is a commonplace observation that our technical advances have far outstripped our wisdom—we may very well be destroyed by the weapons we were clever enough to invent but are not wise enough to control. That is to say, we invent, we use, and then, maybe, we wonder about the right and wrong of it. Still, in this era of efficiency based on progressively greater agglomerations of facts, it is becoming rather bad form, perhaps mildly subversive, to be skeptical about the propriety of indiscriminate fact-gathering. We have long outgrown Bacon's naivete about the kinds of questions that fact-mongering will answer, but we are very much his children in our enthusiasm for data processing.

Thus it is that I can feel the ghost of Francis Bacon wandering through official Washington as I read an article such as Vance Packard's "Don't Tell It To The Computer" in the *New York Times Magazine* of January 8. It seems we shall have in Washington a Federal Data Center, which will "combine in a single computer system information on American citizens that is now scattered around 20 different Federal agencies." Also proposed is that the system include "information from state and lo-

cal data-gathering agencies as well."

As you read this, you may wonder what sort of things you tell a computer that might possibly be harmful. Well, the latest, most elaborate (and of course most efficient) academic achievement test indexes the degree of a student's political and social nonconformity—without so informing him, naturally. Of course, if you happen to be sophisticated enough to recognize the questions on that part of the test for what they are, you can refuse to answer them or else answer them so as to render your rating carefully innocuous. But if you happen to be a simple and unsuspecting idealist, full of the wrongs of society and possessed of a zeal to right those wrongs, and if you happen to give honest answers to those questions, I'd advise you never to take a politically sensitive job. Consider what a future Joe McCarthy could do to you if you made a habit of going around telling computers things like that about yourself.

An indication of just how far the split between knowledge and morality has progressed, and just how unscrupulous can be the uses of information about yourself found in various files, is indicated in an article in the February 18 edition of *New Republic*. The editors quote from "a document purportedly sent from a systems development company to the management of General Motors, urging GM to set up a corporate CIA. Its function would be to gather and analyze information about GM's rivals." The methods would include such jolly tricks as "bugging" and competitors' key employees, and planting spies in the employ of competitors. But the most nauseating suggestion concerned the compilation of the "personal history" of a competitor's executive group. Blackmail must be the second oldest occupation in the world.

It is good to know that GM avers that it has "no intention of setting up such an organization" (though the integrity of GM's announcements is, since the Nader affair, not exactly unimpeachable); but I am depressed by my reason for not doubting the authenticity of the document—it's much too characteristic of these our times.

If the transmigration of souls is a reality, perhaps Bacon will come back as a computer.

Would you believe a key-punch operator?

Reappraisal...

(Continued from page 2)

consistent with a bullet coming from behind him such as the book depository. Instead, the head movement implies that the bullet came from somewhere in front and to the right of him. Supporting this view is the fact that the only blood-spattered officers were those who were positioned behind and to the left of the President. Incidentally, the much controversial "grassy knoll area" was to the fore and right of the President, lending partial support to the belief that this was the location of at least one assassin.

Other evidence which seems to support the "grassy knoll" theory is eyewitness testimony of many who claim they either saw a puff of smoke or heard a shot or both in this critical area. In addition, there is a photograph of the area showing what appears to be a man standing behind a station wagon aiming a rifle directly at the President. In conjunction with this, three other pieces of evidence exist. Initially, a police officer has found a suspicious person in the knoll area, confronted him and demanded identification. This man immediately provided the policeman with a Secret Service ID card and then quickly departed. However, later checks with Secret Service officials indicated that none of their personnel were assigned to this area. Secondly, a railroad employee in the area testified that he found muddy footprints leading from the station wagon shown in the photograph to a sedan and then mysteriously ending at its trunk. Some theorists support the claim that the sedan's trunk provided a hiding place for the assassin or at least for his rifle. Thirdly, out of 121 eyewitnesses questioned by the Commission, 38 could give no clear opinion as to the source of the bullets, 51 thought they came from the grassy knoll area and only 32 thought they came from the book depository! This definite leaning of opinion towards the "knoll" by people actually present and the slim victory margin of the "book depository/single assassin" theory (4-3) in the Commission's final voting can provide one with much food for critical thought; inconsistency seems to be the rule rather than the exception!

For a final bit of argumentative evidence, may I mention a one Mr. Zapruder whose film provided a very objective source for various time spans during the entire assassination. Mr. Zapruder testified that he saw the President hit the first time, yet his vision was obscured by a wide traffic sign during the time that the first shot hit Kennedy as alleged by the Commission. Since the film shows definitely the President wounded as he came out into view on the other side and if Zapruder is correct as to his observation, then Kennedy had to have been hit before the time alleged. This new earlier position would put a huge oak tree in line of sight between the sixth floor depository window and the President, thus ruling out a shot from here at this time. Therefore, it is conceivable that the first shot came from somewhere else, but not necessarily the knoll area.

I am not one to favor "digging up old bones," but there seems to be too much evidence which conflicts with what is supposed to be the truth. It is entirely possible that the Commission had benevolent motives in falsifying the account of the assassination; i.e. to spare the

Campus Column

Under the Table

by Brian Gilmore

Well for a change your reporter with the eagle eye has decided to come out from under the table and see what's going on on top of the table. The first thing I saw was trash on the table top, but over that I noticed and heard quite a bit of talk about the Hometown Honey.

Since vacation is just over, what else is there to talk about but dates, molls, partys, etc.? For those of you who don't know who or what a Hometown Honey is, don't worry, because if you don't know what the term means you haven't got the problem. My advice to all concerned, is to try for a field goal, or a homerun at the Notell Motel. It's as easy as that, ha, ha.

Every once in a while a group on campus feels that it has to get up on a soap box and give all the

ills of the college. The funny thing about this is that after a while the group peeters out and nothing happens from all the shouting. The college spirit is like a balloon, it gets to a certain point and either explodes, or comes back to earth. So until the administration supplies each student with a bike pump, we will have a moments truth (for a while).

By the way, the Great Pumpkin got a parking ticket, Mr. Bisson got a Valentine Card from all the boys, Donna Bray and the bath towel case came up again in the Snack Bar hall, Walt's Club was discovered by a few explorers, Mr. Viamonte's wild tie was observed for Go Days, Mrs. Fiske is being trained to take measurements. And everybody is learning a good easel joke.

country of a scandalous exposé of right-wing conspirators. However, it is also entirely possible that the Commission mal-evilently committed fraud to cover up a high echelon power struggle or military junta as theorized by some individuals. Whatever its motives were, we, the people, must insist on a new investigation and this time be told of the truth, if not already, and a truth which will remain intact despite incessant attacks by doubting inquirers down through time ad infinitum.

To reach this goal, two obvious needs must be met. First an official body of investigative experts must be formed either by Presidential decree or by private means. This group must be allowed to investigate and explore every possible source of truth including those elusive photographs and X-rays. This brings me to the second important need; the evidence which can almost single-handedly clear up this mess!

I sympathize with the Kennedy family in their desire to withhold the autopsy evidence in question until their children have departed their earthly life. However, is it really so noble to put your family before your country? If the family would merely release the most pertinent photos and X-rays and insure their protection from the press, it would indeed be a far more noble act. Then, maybe, our country and their children may be spared from some of the vicious criticism filling the air and increasing at an alarming rate. Maybe his words perfectly suggest this attitude: "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country."

Halitosis...

(Continued from page 2)

blem. "You are a fortunate yet unfortunate man among men," began the ananyst. "On one hand you are rich, on the other poor. Your mind is brilliant and has been able to devise even more brilliant mechanical minds that go click, click, click. Unfortunately your mind cannot go click, click, click for you have the soul of a person who must run naked through snowstorms, stare at the firmament for hours on end, and do much wailing, and gnashing of the teeth! In short sir, you are an incurable 'neuro-mantic'. It is my suggestion that you retire."

So it came to pass that the

computer executive, fatally stricken with neuro-mania, resigned and began to live as a recluse at his baronial summer home. Soon the none too happy recluse wanted to create something (like all those neuro-mantics in the psychology textbooks) and so he gathered about him people with like afflictions. Poets and artists flocked to this haven which they called *Lethe II* because of the oath of obscurity which they took. Under no circumstances was an artist to affix his name to any work of art which he created at *Lethe II*. It was idyllic, for years the poets drove around in glass-topped Cadillacs writing odes, and the composers, and artists all did comparable things. And the things they created were good and beautiful.

Soon, however, dissension arose among the people of *Lethe II* and they became greedy and envious and wanted only fame and money rather than truth and beauty. It was with sadness that the former executive looked upon his congregation and realized that he had just started another game. "But by golly, I'll stop this one in its tracks," he thought. So he repaired to the immense cavern beneath his home and began in the construction of an army of automatons.

Each robot that he created was given certain characteristics and a definite task. When the multitude was completed, he indoctrinated them with his theories that: "Men can only create games, and games are bad and must be destroyed, so it is man we must obliterate!" He then supplied each robot with an axe and sent them forth to kill the wayward denizen of *Lethe II*, shouting: "Long live the memory of Lizzie Borden." And it came to pass that all the humans at *Lethe II* were destroyed. Now was the old executive happy and he addressed his throng of automatons speaking thusly: "You have purged the last stronghold of sensibility of insensibility. From this day on, there shall arise a new *Lethe II* errorless and sane." Thus speaking, he called for the Historian Automaton to come forward and to begin recording the history of the new *Lethe II* in his tapes. So But lo, not one stepped forth. So the poor old neuro-maniac addressed the closest robot saying: "Automaton No. 3454 are you the Historian Automaton?" To which No. 3454 replied, "...click, click, click...I sir?...click, click, click...Not I sir!...click, click. Perhaps No. 742 sir?...click, click, click..."

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TEACHER'S PET

Gone is the screech of chalk against slate. Gone are the asthma attacks created by chalk dust. Gone are the days when teachers can throw erasers at students in moments of frustration. Modern technology presents the overhead projector which may be destined to replace the old standbys of chalk, slate, and eraser.

The soldiers of World War II first witnessed the use of the machine in crash courses. Now the machine has been so refined as to be seen in the incongruous surroundings of bowling alleys. As the name implies, this machine projects images written on a translucent sheet upon a screen raised at an approximate angle of fifteen degrees above the viewer's eyes. Dean Padgug, a long time advocate of the overhead projector, classified its uses and potential in the college.

Dean Padgug informed us that the projector allows the teacher to maintain eye contact with his students because he writes, facing his audience. The students view is no longer obstructed because the screen is well above the speaker's head. Another feature mentioned was that the illegible scrawls of some of the professors become clearer when they write on a horizontal sheet rather than a vertical blackboard. Again the students are considered for the projector can be operated in a relatively lighted room allowing the students to take notes.

Industry is supplying professors using this machine with pre-planned images called overlays. Here lies a great potential for both efficiency and creativity. The overlays are created either by industry or in cruder



GCC Photo By TUNG

Dean Padgug demonstrates use of overhead projector.

form by the teacher. If a history professor were to use them he could order a series which depicted the progress of transportation in a certain area. Without removing the basic maps, he could place new information on top and project both the map and the new routes. A math teacher may save time by having a supply of angles and graphs. The English teacher could project a student's paper and make the necessary corrections.

At the college we have five overhead projectors and we are in need of more. The expense is small so it seems that the need will be filled. It seems, in short, that G. C. C. is growing with the times and that we will all wave a tearful farewell to the previously established

SKI-DONE

February 16, 1967 will always remain a memorable day for all those who ventured out into the 12 degree temperature at Whitingham, Vermont. Even though the wind was strong and the temperature low, there was a warm glow in the hearts of the hearty skiers. Maybe it was because the coffee was so good; or perhaps it was that extra special kool-aid? Some of the activities of the day included: skiing, tobogganing, and believe it or not outdoor swimming!

As we started out on this adventurous trip, the weather remained quite warm. We felt that the slopes would be rather slushy and that skiing wouldn't be possible. However, as we arrived, we were all delighted to find that the temperature had suddenly dropped and that skiing would be possible. After a few tries on the slopes, it was decided that the crusty snow made it rather difficult to ski. A few minor incidents occurred, but everyone was at least able to leave on his own accord. The day was quite good for all and the lodge was a welcome sight for all those who did try to ski on the crusty snow. At the end of a weary day, the busses started to fill up and all were ready to go back home to assume their routine duties again. Of course, those last twenty or so people who wanted to stay right until the end ran into a little trouble. The air brakes on bus No. 101 froze and the remaining skiers were forced to remain at the lodge for a while longer. To some of them this was great because they again obtained that certain glow while waiting to return home. After an hour or so, the bus finally started on its journey back home. To the students of G.C.C., this will forever remain an important and special occasion of their college life at Greenfield.



GCC Photo By TUNG

What! Me worry???



GCC Photo By TUNG

Hutch gets Lynched

Flick Focus

by Dick Thayer

ALFIE - Dreadful! Definitely this year's prime sex vehicle. If anything is outstanding about this motion picture it is the length and number of vulgarisms. Michael Caine's terrible talent for this sort of tripe has destined him for stardom.

THE PROFESSIONALS - Top calibre western! (From one who hates westerns.) The story is kept vivid and vibrant by the superb presences of Burt Lancaster and Lee Marvin. Set in post-Villa Mexico, the tale bubbles with humor, stings with suspense and walks away with the audience at the surprise ending. A rare jewel of viewing, even though it occasionally exhibits an over-enthusiastic run with the times.

AFTER THE FOX - Peter Sellers at his most hilarious! In fact were it not for him, the script might have a heart attack. The Fox is a master criminal in Italy, who has been chosen to supervise 'The Great Cairo Gold Theft.' Sellers is agile, natural at accents and easily the best thing in the film. The rest may take a bow if they believe that their performances were that good.

ARRIVEDERCI BABY - Another bomb for Tony Curtis, who apparently doesn't know how to do anything but lie in bed with a beautiful girl. The story is old hat. A husband killer meets a wife killer, death at first sight! The one big item of this or any of his films, is the huge layer of love he has for his own face...the conceit is an inch thick!

Quoth the Thog

Contrary to rumors spread about the college by the more despicable elements of the snack bar conspiracy, the Thog lives on. Although sighted only once or twice last semester, veteran Thog watchers assume us that this perplexing figure will return full-time to GCC this semester and take his proper place in the tradition of the college. It is truly unfortunate that no one can ascertain what the Thog actually is; although many theories have been advanced—none have been satisfactory. The student body is left to more speculation.

Enigmatic as he is, the Thog has certain characteristics which have been well chronicled: (1) Thog is very short with a great mane of hair and has a habit of bouncing around in three-quarter time. This habit has given rise to a tale that indeed the Thog is a demented musician; (2) As of late, one great Thog scholar has revealed that Thog's main function is to protect students from the Flying Krotz (the renowned scholar adds: "This is one of the most important breakthroughs in the twentieth century; now all we have to do is determine what constitutes a Flying Krotz"); however, until this is substantiated, we regard it as a secondary, if not nebulous function. (3) Most important of all, however, is the Thog's penchant and flair for quotation. If somebody said it, Thog will quote it, but to be sure at the most proper and opportune time. Thus it is that the Thog—in a poetic mood—celebrates his return with two quotations from poets, which should serve as an admonition to both faculty and students.

Quoth the Thog:

You taught me language, and my profit is, I know how to curse,
— Shakespeare;

The Tempest I, "11"

Forgive me error you recognize
It will repeat itself, increase and afterwards our pupils will not forgive in us what we forgave.
— Yevgeny Yevtushenko

RED TOMAHAWK—Another extremely bad last stand for Custer. Everyone is so unconvincing, quarts of stage blood have to be spilled to give the film any effect. Howard Keel was better off in musicals. Richard Arlen was too old for this sort of thing when Hopalong Cassidy rode. Actually the story begins with Custer's infamous humiliation, but he's got to run out of lives sooner or later.

Read us next month for more slashes at your favorite flicks!

Denmark...

(Continued from page 1)

school have to work. But it's not the working students who complain. It's the ones who don't work and have "Not enough to do" that do most of the complaining. Maybe they ought to go to work.

Psychologically speaking, the "problems" listed are gross rationalizations. The problem in essence is YOU!

As far as I'm concerned, you who complain about G.C.C. are all losers! One! Two! Three! You struck out! But, please, don't throw the bat at G.C.C.

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He did not know how he got on the road, what he was doing there, or where the road was going. He only knew it had been a fascinating journey, at times exhilarating, at times terrifying. At times the road climbed gradually uphill, reaching a summit which offered a beautiful and enlightening panorama. At times the road was rough, rutty, and difficult to maneuver. At other times the road consisted of long stretches through total darkness, causing his senses to pall and his mind to black out. The vehicle he was driving was not the one he started out with; he had actually switched vehicles several times. But he could not remember changing from one to the other, so subtle was the transformation.

He had just made a sudden turn when he noticed in the distance a fork in the road—the first of the entire journey, although he had witnessed some semblances of them just a short while back. The sight of it caused him to perk up suddenly.

He realized he would soon have to make a choice as to which one to take, for on this road there was no turning back. He quickly decided which one it

High Hoops

As the hoop season got underway at G. C. C., a spirited group of coeds formed a cheerleading squad to lend a bit of much needed enthusiasm to the basketball games. Headed by Donna Bray, a veteran cheerleader from Turners Falls High School, the squad includes Donna McKinnon, Sylvia Looney, Mary Alice Swinton, Vicky Makarewicz, Barbara Fritz, BeBe Bonk, and Carol Gallerani. Most of these gals have had cheering experience at such area high schools as Arms Academy, Sanderson Academy, Greenfield, and Turners. Attired in red bulky knit boatneck sweaters, sporty Stuart plaid kilts and matching sassy berets, these limber and lively girls have worked up some spirited routines and cheers.



GCC Photo By TUNG

Captain Donna Bray takes cheerleaders through paces at G.C.C. basketball game.

Write to adopted "son."

See Mr. Robert Keir for address.

must be, for even at this distance the omens were clear. The dark cloud which hovered over one of the turns caused in him a chilling uneasiness, for he knew the road would not continue much further. The other road offered no clear cut evidence as to what lay ahead, but from the distant glimpses he got of it as it rose above the horizon, he knew it would continue indefinitely and that this was the road he must take.

He was so engrossed in weighing the choices of the roads ahead, that he wasn't aware of the gradual acceleration of his vehicle; without his noticing it, he had attained an incredible speed. He attempted to let up on the pedal and apply the brakes, but his limbs had become paralyzed and he was unable to work the apparatus. With breathtaking swiftness the road whipped beneath him as the fork loomed ahead. Faster and faster he sped. Closer and closer it came. His vehicle had overpowered him now, and he was helpless to control its course. At the last moment he knew he would have no say over which fork in the road would be taken, but by then it was too late, for when the realization hit him, he was already upon it.